

///AOI :PLAN'BIX'(FULL PROGRAM)
FILE NAME:AOI:BIONIX (20F3)
CODE: TB1362 (WRKN8323)

STRUCTURE: LP 12" JACKET
ROTATION: FULL PROGRAM
IMAGE: ///AOI STANDING
3334_346_212

DE LA SOUL

///AOI:BIONIX



///AOI :12.25"X12.25" (31.11cmX31.11cm)
FULL_LENGTH_COM_RELEASE_FULL
120LB CARD // COATED 1-SIDE (120CMIS)

///AOI
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

INITIAL EVA: EGRESS TO PLATFORM
RELEASE/DESCEND: MSO/DVD/POS
INITIALIZE_BEGIN-SEQUENCE



De La Soul Lyrics

"Bionix"

Welcome to the second installment..
Y'all know my name so we ain't gotta get into alla that
Y'all know the deal
This is AOI part two, and we call this one "Bionix" (Bionix)
And as y'all always know, we gon' hit y'all with that De La shit
Yeah.. yeah..

Uh (better) yea (better, stronger)
Yea (better, stronger, faster)
Yea..

[Dave]

Ladies and gentlemen, we in the trench again
Makin it relevant, just for the hell of it
I'm introducin it, throw a little juice in it
Got on that old bullshit to get you used to it
It's been a minute now, only a minute now
A little re-evaluatin, hope you feel me now
I'm on some new me, focused on the new tree
Tryin to shake the money off the limbs so I can do me
I blame the fans for it, I heard demands for it
Went to Somalia, they holdin out they hands for it
Went to the hood, these niggaz tried to trace a dance for it
Dancefloor it after Mase brings you out of the break

Before we go any further we wanna send a special thanks
To all those folks out there that been supportin De La since '89
Now that's a long time
Overseas, city to city, state to state
Yeah, we gon' keep bringin it live to you..

[Pos]

Unlike these underground MC's who rock for heads
We include the throat chest arms and legs
No need to spit in the cypher to show you I'm a lifer for rap
I cultivate moves larger than that
And I don't ball too much, ya dig
I gotta ball and chain at my crib who want my ass home
My heart-BEAT N.Y.C. metronome
But can't adapt to where I'm at
And even though I sing it sick 'til I'm blue, I'm not a crip
So unlike non-GANG members I won't C-walk to look hip
But if I had to join a gang I think I'd join GangStarr
Me, Guru and Primo with them beats for the car
that bounce trampoline style, revamp the deen child
Hot and mild and I hustle rap the same
Cuff a little shit, due to muscle fat, I gain

We them God type dishin the grunge to make you love

Yeah kids

Just a little taste how we gon' get things started in a minute

Sit back, get your headphones straight

Whether you're ridin in a Escalade or a Pinto son, turn that shit up

Oh remember AOI part three comin soon, on some DJ shit

Yeah - we about to get this shit poppin..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Phat"

(feat. Devin the Dude, Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

Phat Phat, uh
Ain't nothing wrong with big broads
Phat Phat

[Posdnuos]

It's a sure bet
When I stare into your dark browns I get
Overwhelmed, overjoyed, overstep
My bounds, on your touchy subject
Your weight, your shape's not what I date
It's you, my crew don't mind it thick (Uh-uh)
Every woman ain't a video chick (Nah)
Or runway model anorexic
I love what I can hold and grab on
So if you burn it off then keep the flab on
We gonna stay gettin our collab on (Oww)
Girl we gonna stay gettin our collab on (Ooh, ooh)
We gonna stay gettin our collab on

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

Don't stuck on the things they say, now you know it's a nasty world
Tryin to get with ya anyway cause I know you're a nasty girl
We ain't never gon' discriminate so let me compliment your size
Oooh oooh oooooooooh ooooooh

[E. Yummy Bingham]

Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat

[Posdnuos]

Claim you outta shape, you not outta place (Uh-uh)
You keep it natural with no powdered face
Without exercise you got the eye
Starin you down, make me wonder why
You women wanna frown at them stick figures
On them little ass girls, when a clique of niggas
Run up and try to hurl game for real
Your frame holds appeal in the everyday
World, and conceal is not the way
To go, I'm tellin you I had to let
Ya know, ya need to let it all hang

[Dove]

Don't be scared to show a little of that thang thang
No matter how you weigh it girl, it's feminine
Kinda body everybody wanna know (Yea yea)
Be the private dancer in my Luke show (C'mon girl)
Skip the salad girl, bring us both a menu
Eat the whole box of chocolates I send you (Heh)
See girl, ya more than just an apple in my
Eye/I, confess I wanna get up in ya
Thighs, the rest'll tell you all the things..

[Chorus x1]

[Dove]

I love it when y'all broads wear it skintight (Skintight)
Make the big panties look like little panties (Heh)
Tryin to lose that bottom girl you been right
I saw who make ya cookies I should go and thank ya granny (Uh-huh)
Don't mind you being conscious of ya calories
If gettin paper was fat man you'd be salaries
You ain't in this alone I got a tummy too
Just lemme watch the weight don't let it trouble you (C'mere girl)
Nine ten specimen up in ya jeans
You buy the size seven and just make it fit
Slim Fast, lypo, and body creams
I pray you won't endorse, I got a candle lit

[Chorus x1]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply"

[Chorus]

Fear through time, is left behind, when we simply, havin
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home
Take some time, and ease your mind, when we simply, havin
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home

[Dave]

Hey, yo last day of spring first day of the heat (heat)
I'm calling out my troops so ya'll best retreat (treat)
Tryin' to win the eyes off of Little Bo Peep
While I'm pushin' Big Bird up Sesame Street (street)
After one nut I'm goin' straight to sleep (sleep)
If it ain't a love affair, its just a late night creep (creep)
Use Colgate when I'm brushing my teeth (teeth)
Favorite MC's Gregg Nice and Smooth B (B)
Keep it old school like "Where's the beef?" and
If you ain't from an era then you up shit's creek (creek)
First B-side is freedom of speak
If you don't speak, well I ain't losin' no sleep.
See me on the cover of your Double X-L (L)
Takin' a holiday at the hotel (tel)
Fans keep sending me back the fan mail
Heavyweights keep it on the grand scale, when we doin' it.

[Chorus: Crowd Cheering and Clapping]

[Pos]

Hey, yo, The sky swallowed the sun
spitted out the moon and stars
Puttin' out shiners that gave the cause
ArmorAll-ed down, the downtown activity
I'm bout to have fun without the problems that live with me
Not tryin' to be posh, but lets stay out the mosh pit
Tonight keep my nose out of trouble
Everybody in my bubble's been breifed:
NO BEEF, JUST PARTY!
Of course your gonna have some clown niggaz try to
take us off course
Always lower levels tryin' to bring out the devil in us
Not condoned but its known
That a party ain't a party if the thugs don't try to shut it down!
Tight security and its still soft
Can't offset the thirty or plus caught in the rush
Keep the door sealed
Cause the floor's filled with action and we don't need
any distractions tonight ya'll.

[Dave]

introduce me to your madaam ?Mauzel?
I'm Tarzan and she's my gazelle
I live at Biggs and say its notorius
Travel through minds, emotions and euphorias
Glorius *[echo]* as I get great *[echo]*
Still kinda smooth like way back in my oldschool tapes
I bring it pronto
Rep the BX like Billy Blanco

[Crowd cheering and clapping]

[Pos]

Treat your troubles like colds
Sweat it out, get it out
So we can get in the right mode
Let it out
No need to pull on the throttle
If I could bottle this love I wouldn't hesitate
Get it straight
Wonder why I can medicate the soul
While takin' its toll
Just for Simply (Simply!) Havin'(Havin'!)
The right record that could bring in the pull
And this must be the right run ya'll
Cause the dancefloor's full CUZ!

[Chorus to fade: Cheering, Clapping, Horns]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply Havin"

[Pos]

As we go clubbin

Me and my peoples we be lookin and we buggin
off these ladies talkin bout no dancefloor rubbin

'til we supply 'em with at least two to three mixed drinks from the bar

They must be out they mind, them rookies get dismissed

Cause it ain't hard to find, the ladies that can move it
to the latest bassline, attached to the drum

that'll set it off and make the local DJ a star

But can I get a boost from the bass and the treble?

This record ain't for soothin but for raisin blood levels

We simply havin fun but know that some don't like the music

That it promotes rappin, and global gun-clappin

But still promoters packin in the clubs where I'm at

Plus everywhere I go so just realize the fact

That we won't be denied that respect you try to hide

Shit this ain't rock'n'roll - ("cause the rap is in control" *[Q-Tip]*)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Held Down"

(feat. Cee-Lo)

[Cee-Lo]

Allow me.. to break it down.. ah yea yea yea yea yeahh..
Life.. *[humming]*

[Pos]

This is dedicated to all my folks
Diagnosed with a bad case of that proper upbringing
And never took the time to fall in line or follow
or swallow the thoughts
Of the recognized committees who lurk throughout ya cities
Ya hood, ya town, no matter which type
You from the same type of people try to hold you down
Just because you tailor made for bigger and better things
Never missed a chance to move ahead of things
And what does it bring? I tell you for me
it brought jealousy in back wounds from all the stabbin
Cats posin as my fan just to get grabbin what's mine
I'm livin in times where my daughters are found around
kids who can't afford thinkin caps
But always found drinkin raps and eatin off beats
Claimin laws of the streets - but who made the laws?
Everybody playin (Rebel) with no sign of a +Cause+

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down
You've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be
Where you wanna go with your life
With your life..

[Pos]

Yo, I'm never singin the blues but findin the clues to maintain
And I been blessed to reign supreme over nearly every dream
I had, and I made it come true
I'm an imperfect man and I'm holdin the clue
to perfection, it doesn't seem to matter what direction I look
I find people settin traps
Tryin to find the goal - without havin any maps
Even friends of mine, jumped on line, just to become my adversary
They felt they were entitled to the dairy I made
They don't come to chill or behave
And they got, toast ready to burn
Not learnin to live, but they yearnin to take what you earn

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me

I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down
You see - you've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with your life
With your life..

[Pos]

So quick to place blame.. and deny the shame we bring upon ourselves
So many names held accountable for my own account
When a large amount was weight - that I made and shaped
When I climbed I found
It was hard to find others around to point my fingers at
Which made me realize the truth
The biggest supressor could be your own ego lookin for an excuse
to plant roots, in a field of self-sorrow
to sprout and follow the first thing you feel
Nourishes your hunger to be respected, it gets hectic
And when I'm watchin the news, and my daughter walks in
and choose to ask, "Why were all those people on the floor
sleepin, covered in red?" I told her
that they were lookin for God, but found religion instead

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with yo' life
With your life, with your life..

[Cee-Lo harmonizes and ad libs with choir]

[Cee-Lo]

I need my SPAAAAACE, to live..

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with yo' life
With your life, with your life..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Watch Out"

(feat. Pariquo Fernandez)

[1]

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

[Verse 1]

Get up and do the biz, our style is the wild
Hit you with a spell whether Jew or gen-tile
When you enterin' the realm
You find me at the helm
Still standin' like abandoned buildings
In the southern part of BX, can old school it like a T-Rex
Ya well advanced connect dance with thoughts
Deep like Barry White's throat box
I bet you those cops mix
Double high tower my power grants me the chicks
The blows the cars and enemies that wanna spar
You wanna see it no matter who you are
Yeah I'm bound to ground you like that
Put they ass on a mound and introduce em' to a baseball
Face tall, brag about it like teenage sex
Text book characters gettin' etched out to rough draft
Rush Limbaugh autograph her left titty
New Yor, New York yeah we bigger than the buildings
Do it for the love of the art and the childrens
And throw paper machet inside of ya models
See we all throttles, we zip by in this drive
Allergic to ya sperm broke hives
Concerned about ya life when ya down eight lives
Top of the night I'm up in queens like ah yeah

[Repeat 1]

[Verse 2]

Introducin' introducin' to you Dave
Batter on deck, carded every time I set foot in the joint
Cabaret artist I'll two piece ya tray
If she wanna get vamped, bring her to the tent
Touch her till her back indents
Wrap it extra strength
Run a lap on her calculatin' the length
Holdin' mics tighter than hymens

Old school it like Holly-Hobby, Head-to-Head, Easy Bake Oven
Strong Jerome lovin' man I hit the pack
Panther power keep it all relative to the sixties
Bill Bixby green, ATM money
Got my pockets lookin' like I'm rockin' Popeye jeans
Classic like Reuben and Rah
One nigga under the groove we shootin' for that Parliament high
Plus bigger than the fourth of July
Take the back seat drive out
Hey yo, hey yo ain't nothin' street about me more like a light post
Sinin' above all who are y'all to boast
Stayed calm and all came to me to host
My vocab grabs many, long to cultivate raps
It's gettin' filled moms jack penny
It used to be unknown around the way
Now my bix became a bouquet
Every nose in it, fillin' up seats like a session in a Senate
Been a minute since ya heard the souls
So the soul gon' cost ya three
All ya people wanna front like the soul don't hold control
But it don't mean shit to me
Plain to see that a song like this been what ya all missed
Come on, genuine adrenaline from off the wrists
We run the interference throughout the game clout
Can't be denied the bout for the title
Throw up ya guns and hold the pose like an idol
Bring it back to the draw
Ghosts of grand wiz Theodore
Played dirty with ever since played on the floor
Stop verbal assaults just in case a war break out
Steal vaults bigger than giraffes
But they still got a lot for me
Heard em' say alot of nigga with the underground
They'd die for the underground but ain't makin' no money
Stupid

De La Soul Lyrics

"Special"

(feat. Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

[Chorus]

It's gotta be you, it's gotta be right
No time for games, it's gotta be tight
I just want this to be special, special
If it's gonna be you, it's gotta be right
No time for games in my life
I just want this to be special, special

[Verse 1]

This is like the third time ya said you was through
I'm beggin' ya back, we loud in the parking lot causin' a scene
Campaignin' like the love ain't have no resident here
Still I stay all in the cabin
Although I know we've seen enough of good days and dirt
You cut me just to nurse me back but damn I'd understand it
You gave ya all and I just gave it up
Put the truck in ya name
Damn ya should've known I was liability
Ignorin' the ways you would dress for a nigga
Express to a nigga I heard jibber and jabber
My apologies I left the wrong man to conduct
Take these jewels for the inconvenience and neglect
You expect the worst of it
But I realize that I owe you more than explanation
I got my life in a box, what I'm supposin' is a joint account
It's cash on it, let's take our lil' business and incorporate it
It's me and you girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

First of all love, your soul caller
Before me helped create and shape your distorted image
See every man don't play or even scrimmage
That's a lie but I'm try to be that only one
You look to, to make you smile
First you need to check my files
Understand I play the partners stereotypical man
An regret the pain I may have left to flame
My people say "Yo that's a fine girl ya mess with"
But I told em' we havin' a mess
Ya charm must have calluses from the grip
That it has on my heart that I ain't tryin' to rip
But by now we both should know
That it's no longer where ya at but where we tryin' to go
So do ya background checks so I can pass through these borders

And stamp my name on a lil' man or a daughter
Come on girl

[Chorus to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sauce"

(feat. Philly Black)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Hold that, hold that, hold that
Yo all that, all that tryin'
Y'all, I told y'all about tryin'
Tryin' is later on man
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we do that De La
Let's get that goin' on man
Told y'all about those messages and shit man
We get to that later man, know what I mean
Let's just do something for the ladies man
Let's get a chorus goin' on or something
Let's pop a chorus off, ya know what I mean
Let's do that right now, let's get that goin' on
Let's try that out

I see you real niggas do fake things sometimes
One of them is grabbin' on his mic to rhymes
So let us demonstrate the right way ya need to place
Yo, it's De La up in ya face
Better yet ya whole scene, here to pull in the green
With Philly Black

Just layin' back, raisin' my stacks
Cause how they want it I give it to em' rock or the raw
Yo it really don't matter son, some hot shit for y'all
To go cop at the store, I spit, kick at ya jaw
Leave you on the floor on all fours, you slaw

We burn fast in black flag lands
Bringin' herds and caravans
And heat rock rythms, you blink one, two times
In between I do mines
Showboat refs, I put y'all niggas on deck

Yeah son y'all faggots are soft
I been through, carried the torch
Recognized and done married a dwarf
So in-laws pay a writer's fee
My stizzy sets a wiz bitch's eye in me
Pissy in a rizzy
Indian wife I flip em' behind reachin' for sobriety
Blew north, never find me
Reside in this state of mind
Keep my temple developmental

Projects, front-line essential
Reminded of concubines and evil that men do
Cut off Ginsu, carry a brand new
Vandle issues, brandin' issues
Grabbin' tissues, like you didn't know you had it in you

I live it up y'all, givin' you what y'all
Need and can't call, carry the ball
Like a spit-kicker should and ya wish ya could
Hold it down like the digital who stitched the hood
Better yet the whole globe, light it up like a strobe
While you froze panicin'
Went from man to maniquin
We them peaceful rap stars
That can still jab ya in ya face
Leave ya shit redder than Mars

The sauce and shit, of course we it
The flossy shit
Groundin' beef like Maxwell House
Go ask the house
We representatives
Go call ya Senators
Change laws in rap, renovate ya landscape
The man takes for sixteen
And pull a paragraph up out the tango
Hangin' like vango
Water broke flows to c-sec
You read xecs
Miscarried the rap, abortin' ya whole fort

De La Soul Lyrics

"Am I Worth You?"

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Ooh, ooh yeah

[Verse 1]

It's a pity that you're so dirty
Worthy of some Southern hos-pital
See we them Northern boys with nose and hows
NYC livin' ain't nothin' like it
See how me and my peeps fit, we jigsaw
Sometimes I play big saw to cut the deal
And we keepin' them bills paid with meals in the mouths of many
A noble job at Feni
Money ain't everything but everything makes me want it
But won't dishonor my name so the claim throwers
Act like game on the dice on the mic device
Stay above middle class for life
Not an easy task but I've grown to love it
Dub it to tape, why don't you whip a grin
While I speak to my mens about the world problems
And girl problems with no immediate way to solve em'
But I'm on hits

[Chorus]

I make the best of the life I be with it
Making the most of the moment among the livin'
And it feels good
Being the man that I want to be
Do what I can cause I refuse to see
The best of luxury, God's been good to me
Now I'm asking am I worthy of you, of you
Am I worthy of you

[Verse 2]

Pull them quarters down
I got some things on these nine ounces to vamp
Me on a mission y'all
Dug fresh dirt out the ground
Lookin' for the treasures in life
A bambino picket fence around the residence
I wore these shackles here for thirteen years
But the only real slaves is the ones we record on
We off all checks and God's blessin'
Tryin' to own a thousand island like we salad dressin'
Patience for the main course
Don't have me in position to remain boss

Cause the man next to the man above the exec
Don't give a damn if I papered yet
Sometimes it make me wanna go make a bet
I did away with knock em' and release some stress
By any means, these petty greens will only get me stuck in a box
Doin' a dick shot in Oz, jerkin' off in the J
But anyway I keep my head on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I know people who tippy-toe through they own stompin' ground
Master not makin' a sound to stay safe
From the local star renaissance
And the response is usually the same
Wishin' like it used to be
Nothin' in that life is new to me
We roll like eyes on a ghetto girl
Brushin' off some no-man cause she's his ghetto pearl
We into livin' beyond not livin' fads
Me and my comrads became dads young
Try to have fun amongst responsibility
Like fillin' these accounts full
Got caught up at a party in Bull's
Sometimes gotta have the nerve to say some rhymes
Because some minds take offense
Try to make ya life tense but we still here
Still gainin' the love, still standin' above most

[Chorus to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pawn Star"

(feat. Shell Council)

[Male Announcer]

The following explicit content in this song by "Pawn Star"
Are not necessarily the views expressed by De La Soul
But they understand

[Female Announcer]

Execute porn star NOW!!!

[1 - People having sex]

[People talking]

Pawn star.....Pawn star

[Shell Council]

Check it, pussy got me wide open, writin' the love notes
Butt naked, strippin' out of her trenchcoat
Got me hittin' high notes, pitchin' a deep throat
Bitch be suckin' niggas car door

[Dave]

Yo, I broke my piggy bank just to see that pussy stank
Smelly in Africa then Africa, whoa

[Shell Council]

I know like you know when you spendin' them hundred dollar notes
We box triangles all angles

[Dave]

Yo, throw her on the table Shell

[Shell Council]

No, I tie her with a phone cable *[Phone rings]*
Bound her by her wrists and ankles
I bust right off Pun and Abel

[Dave]

Yo, actin' like we're kidnappers stabbin' the mouth with two dicks
Take a couple of new flicks

[Shell Council]

Click...click give up the money bitch
Had her backin' it up, smackin' it up
Yo, we fucked till the sun came up

[Hook: with 1 in background]

Pawn star, hey there special lady do what you do

Cause I don't care what they say to you
See you're my pawn star
You're beautiful to me in every little way
A very special lady, pawn star
Rather doggy style than missionary
You very, very...very, very...very beautiful pawn star
You're a superstar to me and you came into my life pawn star
Many years ago you made me feel so good
You knew that when no one understood
Cause you're my pawn star
Haey, hey, hey, hey uh
And you could never be my wife, trick

[Shell Council]

Yo I reign supreme, champion back off
Shorty's a five start porner
Turn tricks, wants some dick inside her
Work the spread eagle like National Enquirer
Pussy lips grips the neck of Coke bottles
And turn style will have you nibblin' on a nickel
All of a sudden out came the shackel
Shell ain't go no problem with
You can be my...

[Hook with 1 in background]

Pawn star...pawn star...pawn star...pawn star

De La Soul Lyrics

"What We Do (For Love)"

(feat. Slick Rick)

[Slick Rick talking with "kids"]

[Kid 1] I'm tired

[Kid 2] Me too

[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky

[SR] Hmmm?

[Kid 1] Could you tell us a bedtime story, like you used to?

[SR] Look, don't y'all think y'all too old for that now?

[Kids] No

[SR] Listen, I got an adult question for y'all since y'all
like...11 now. Y'all ever get horny?

[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky!

[SR] Now I don't mean to sound perverted, but do you ever
have like sexual urges?

Kids - No!

[SR] No? Well you will, so sit your behind down and listen to
Uncle Ricky...and De La...tell y'all a grown up story

[Kids] Okay

[Dove]

I remember when Mama spoke of the birds and
The east side kept me off the curb and
Betsy Ross was sufferin from the scaredy cat
Till my man Ricky brought the remedy for that

[Slick Rick]

I massage your mane, coat
Then part your leg's rope
And stroke so hard you'll start to smell smoke

[Posdnuos]

Ain't gotta drug problem but a love problem
But then again that may be one in the same
I claim possession
Pull the girl among the eighth like Charlie Heston
Ride off on the horse and show no remorse

[Slick Rick]

She look niiice
Honey oriental, brown eyes
Want friiiies?
Chicken, vegetable, fried rice
And I'm tryin to (get) you to go
Fast subtraction, grab some
"Oh don't stop nasty black man"

[Dove]

Man that action had me coughin up cars, keys, and cash
Just to sniff a fat rabbit I would give my very last

[Chorus (Slick Rick)]

(When nature calls)
You know them boys will come runnin
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin
(When nature calls)
You know them boys will come runnin
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin
Just to get it started, for startin something
Is what we do to get some lovin
What we do to get some lovin
This what we do for love (do for love)
This what we do for love (for love)
This what we do for love

[Dove]

You ain't lyin, I
I 9-5 it, more like 12-12
Can't get the thought off (sex)
From off my mental shelf

[Slick Rick]

I'm like Bruce Lee
Beatin up the cootchie profusely
My tomboy chicks that act a little to butchy
Recieve this (uh)
When my semen ceases
They'll be screamin out, "We love bein the female species"

[Phone dialing]

Hello?
Veronica, it's Dove.
Uh, I think you got the wrong number
What?
Veronica, your baby's crying.
Yo, chill
Baby?
Whatever yo, later.

[Dove]

For the past two summers I been sizin up Veronica
Southern belle, I heard she blow notes like a harmonica
Yamacas couldn't satisfy her spendin fetishes
She was all about gettin the head like she was lettuces

[Posdnuos]

Yah, them types be actin like they ain't sleazy

[Slick Rick]

Like this uptown chick playin opposite of easy
Delighted, the honey fly difficult, couldn't knife it
Tiiight
Seen the imprint on honey's private
Now she's love sick
Ruler Rick scoress agaaaaain

[Posdnuos]

Sex present itself like trophies I'm out to win
And it's easier to claim with the fame I've obtained
Her mommy was a liar, she's so ashamed

[Chorus]

[Slick Rick]

Well, I got this rude boy Jamaican honey at the rest home
Complete with yellow hair and Cinderella dress on
Whatever
Been around, stuck her till she poppin bout
"Hey take your blood clot finger off me bottom"
Anyway, another dime I met one time
I'm kiiind, chick in the world, butt fine
And her, structure pumpin, told her
Gotcha mumblin bout
"Slow down, what you tryin to rupture somethin?"

[Posdnuos]

I don't bug out, I chill
Never copped a feel
But these pretty ass girls come and flaunt in the grill
Big ass eyes, with the matchin big ass thighs
Asked her if she spare a moment to exchange some lies
"But you got a girlfriend"

[Slick Rick]

Yah trick, so do you
And I heard there's no preference in what gender ya do

[Posdnuos]

So stop playin so squeaky clean
And let the dirty side see me later
So we can play 'away from the navy'

[Dove]

So stuck on the love you rearranging behaviors
Second episode, and you returnin oral favors
Buyin up groceries
Searchin for hosiery
Holdin hands publicly
And now you supposed to be
Mr. and Mrs. huh, lovin and kisses huh?
But while you away is when the milkman'll visit her
Dear to the heart, we dearly depart the fallen

So skip the games ma, I stay tuned to the calling

[Chorus x3]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Peer Pressure"

(feat. B Real)

[Jay Dee]

Uh uh uh

Everywhere I go (What? What happens?)

People ask me (What, what)

Yo Dilla, you smoke weed (No doubt)

And I just tell 'em yeah!

Two weeks later, they smokin' weed

That's what I'm talkin' about

I ain't here to tell you not to smoke weed

Everybody get high

I'm here to apply the pressure

You, you, you and you

You and you (Especially you)

Come down to the Dee

I got some shit that'll blow ya mind

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

[Dave]

Yo, what up my nigga (Yeah, what up with your world)

Ain't shit, just got off the cell with this girl (Was up with ya'll?)

Yeah B you know what we about to do (What the hey)

Come on nigga puff it too, yeah right

[B-Real]

Honey draws bees like dookie draws flies

Just like the weed draws me to get high

Now I'm not tryin' to bend ya arm

I just want you to take a hit off the bong

That's all (Just one hit man)

[Pos]

Come on cool it, I'm not foolish

Quit pullin' my leg baitin' me like cod

My name ain't Craig and I ain't lost my job

Don't mind bein' odd from out the bunch

And y'all cornerin' me ain't stoppin' me from doin' it

(Nigga, puffin' so bad, why everybody doin' it?)

Man everybody doin' it (Yo come take a puff, style is real)

[B-Real]

Let it take ya whole style and feel

(Go ahead with that man)

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[Dave]

Come on

Y'all are actin' like this shit is supposed to raise me to the clouds

[B-Real]

Shit the clips we smokin' on would make Bob Marley proud
And he was one of the illest

[Dave]

Shit one of the illest ever
He smoked mad trees and still remained clever
I guess ya right

[B-Real]

Ain't no need to guess, put it to the test
Ask ya questions alphabetically

[Pos]

OK, hypothetically if I did take a hit
Do I necessarily need to be tastin' on your spit?
I mean shit I ain't shared a straw since the fourth grade

[B-Real]

Yeah, but don't you know chicks like to smoke and get laid?
Don't be a dunce it ain't gonna hurt you once
Quit bein' a punk, go ahead and hit the fuckin' blunt

[Dave]

But will it take a long time to recover
(Depends on the brother or sis who's puffin')
Hey yo stop that bluffin' like you givin' a survey
And let us serve the hay
To get yo mind aligned to the ways

[B-Real]

Of the master

[Pos]

Man I seen a cast a spell
To many brain cells and sane cells
A lead to fulfill wants and needs
I heard it's like a gateway to doin' more than weed

[B-Real]

Man I love my relationship, I'm no quitter

Mary Jane's my first love and I'ma stick with her

[Pos]

But won't I feel paranoid?

[Dave]

All ya questions is void unless ya try

Come on man for once get high

[B-Real]

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[B-Real]

Hey you don't gotta do anything that ya don't wanna

But it's not gonna change you or ruin your persona

[Pos]

Yeah but what if I can't stop

Shit I ain't with bein' no addict (Cut that shit out)

[B-Real]

Man, please tell him to stop bein' so dramatic

Just take a hit and let the weed do the trick

[Pos]

But will this make me sick

[B-Real]

Come on, quit actin' like a bitch

I can blaze the weed and you can make excuses

Now ya gonna smell the smoke my greenest weed produces

You'd probably like the smell too, ya probably wouldn't admit it

You'd probably wanna hit too (Come on man quit it)

Ya clearly in denial (Yo this shit ain't my style)

How do you know come on, let us give you a trial

Let us put chu' at ease with these trees

With the power to heal, put cha' mind at peace

Yeah, increase the level of the highness

Minus the stress accumulatin' through ya blindness

(Come on man hit this shit)

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

[Jay Dee]

Let me say something

If you just started smokin' (Please don't smoke too much)

But uh to all my smokers (Smoke enough)

Yeah, let's get 'em

Apply pressure, apply the pressure

Apply pressure, let's get 'em y'all

Apply pressure

De La Soul Lyrics

"Trying People"

[Intro: A friend's voicemail to Dave]

Dave, whattup man?

It's me

Umm.. just callin to see, if possible, if you have any
time today or within the next couple of days
If, if, you're in the studio.. or if you're at home.. or car, whatever
That song.. that.. it's called trying or something, Mase
was tellin me that I needed to hear?
He said it was amazing
Whoo.. the way he was talkin.. man I wanna hear it!

[Dave]

Am I just another lost in the pack?
We for shack ship, you know laugh it off
Years just blow by
My eyes stay fixed but the picture's kinda outta focus
I cry a lot but admit to it
Enjoyin life now but I've been through it
Sometimes I wish that I can go back
No bills no kids just getting tore back
I want a wife, I love women
How could I front like I don't be in love wit em?
A li'l man that I can teach
A li'l sand but not the beach
I figure excess'll only bring an excessive amount of fussin
So when I'm gone, make sure the head stone reads, "He did it for us"
I'm like your modern day Jesus
I cherish warm thoughts like a gray goose
And float soft kisses to my baby
(yo ain't that Dave's little girl?)
Yeah, respect her for that
She gon be somebody
Instead of somebody-baby-mama
You see young minds are now made of armor
I'm tryin to pop a hole in your Yankee cap
Absorb me
The skies over your head aint safe no more
And Hip Hop aint your own
And if it is then you fuckin up the crib son
You make life look like I don't wanna live one
You might as well hold your breath until you die in a
corner somewhere bent over in the crevice
This God Theory overcomes the worst of weathers
As long as you willin to try, you on a good start homie
.. you on a good start.. see nigga tryin

[Chorus: Dave & Children]

[Dave] People are you ready?

[Children] Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready?

We wanna be ready!

Ready for the change that may approach you?

Yes!

Follow down the path that you supposed to?

Yes!

People are you ready?

Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready to try?

We wanna try harder!

You know mistakes are trials that we learn from?

Yes!

I order to live life, you must earn one?

Yes!

People are you ready?

[Pos]

Throughout my change to grow, Some of my people got left behind

They didn't listen for the gun, as I leaped from off the line

Thirteen years deep in this marathon I'm runnin

Paid dues and still got bills to pay

When I came back around the way

Old friends gave me dead eyes

and fake smiles, half wide

We were supposed to rid the world of danger

These days we nod heads and small talk like polite strangers

It's natural to fall off, just land close to the tree

I'll be there if they need me to be

and I know all my local shorties

cuz they all know who I am

and latey wanna flip grammar instead of grams

Like that's the only choice they got

They tell me how they gonna shake up the game

but came to me to see if I could give em guidance for change

Shit y'all, I need guidance myself

and I chisel right words to make gems

Got fans around the world, but my girl's no one of em

And my relationship's a big question

Cuz my career's a clear hindrance to her progression

Said she needs a man and our kids need a father

I'm not at all ready to hear her say don't bother

And break

And this I know I can't take
but uhh

C. Smith said to hold on
My brother Luck said to hold on
My nigga Dave said to hold on
My nigga Mase said to hold on
Yo, Maseo, we need to hold on
Eh, yo, y'all we need to hold on

[Chorus: Pos & Children]

[Pos] People are you ready?
[Children] Yes we're ready!

Well, what you wanna be?
We wanna be ready!

Do you wanna lose hate for love?
Yes!

Do you wanna see these gates above?
Yes!

I said people are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

But are you willing to try?
We wanna try harder!

Do you really wanna carry some weight?
Yes!

Are you ready to design your fate?
Yes!

Yo, people are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

Well what you wanna be?
We wanna be ready!..

[outro: AOI computer honey]

Operation complete. Preparing for.. Installment three